



THE

GARDEN GATE.

The day being spent the moon shone bright,
Young Mary hastened with delight unto the garden
gate;

But what was there that made her sad?
The gate was there but not the lad,
Which made young Mary sigh and sob,
Was there ever a maid so sad as I?

She traced the garden o'er and o'er,
Until the village clock struck four,
Young Mary said unto herself, he never shall
morry me,

He promised to meet me here by eight,
How he has deceived me and made me wait,
But I will let such young men see
They never will make such a fool of me

She traced the garden o'er and o'er,
Until the village clock struck ten,
Young William caught her in his arms,
Saying, we never shall part again,
For, says he, I bought the ring,
And had it a long long way to bring
And how could Mary so cruel prove
'To banish the lad she so dearly loved?

Then hand in hand to church they went,
The village joys to lead,
And all the village did repair
Upon their wedding day.
In a neat little cot by a river side,
Young William and Mary they both reside,
She blessed the hour that she did wait
For her absent lover at the garden gate.

